



A DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCE



# The LATEST WHITE

A CREATION NOTABLE FOR COMPLETE  
ARTISTIC AND MECHANICAL EXCELLENCE

A gentleman is not remembered because of his hat, his waistcoat, or the cut of his clothes—he is accepted and respected for himself.

The properly appointed home is remembered and admired because of its complete perfection, not because of one room or one chair.

To White mechanical excellence has been given the dignified gracefulness of an exterior in which many beautiful features are blended into an impressive completeness.

No one feature stands out above others in The White. The eye goes naturally from one to the other, but the mind receives and retains, first and last, the impression of a complete car.

For example, one will hardly notice that the conventional back of the front seat has been eliminated—absorbed by the finally perfect stream-line in the double cowl effect.

## *White leadership is a principle*

The important and fundamental improvements in automobile construction and operation—the features that are exploited most widely today—have been basic principles in White Motor Cars for years.

In 1909 The White presented the first monobloc, long stroke, high speed motor—the very type which is today's sensation. In 1910 The White brought out the logical left-side drive with center control.

In 1911 The White instituted electrical starting and lighting, with the tremendous advantage of the non-stallable engine.

From time to time other important improvements have been brought out in White Cars. The White is replete with dominating ideas in mechanical construction and in the attributes of comfort and beauty.

The White is completely equipped, including mono-top, rain-vision ventilated windshield, speedometer, electric signal, trunk rack, Silvertown Cord Tires.

The White Cars are now exhibited by White dealers.

THE WHITE COMPANY  
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars,  
Motor Trucks and Taxicabs.



### The Domestic Library

THE domestic, or home, library usually consists of a disorganized and incoherent mass of classics and best-sellers of the day before yesterday, which lean up against each other as if they had been out all night. These are stacked in a series of shelves in front of which usually stands a sofa, on guard.

Sometimes there will be an imposing-looking black walnut bookcase with leaded glass doors—a holdover from a previous generation. In this case there will repose, on the bottom shelf, some volumes of *Harper's Magazine*. Above these you may see the first edition of "Innocents Abroad", and an ancient copy of Shakespeare, expurgated for family use, with steel engravings.

But even this kind of a library is becoming rarer all the time. The sporadic modern growth usually consists of a set of revamped histories in twenty or so volumes, foisted upon the unsophisticated owner by some enterprising book agent, each set numbered and *de luxe*, and not infrequently in a binding which is dramatically announced to be an actual copy of sets in the Vatican, as if the Vatican did not already have enough sins to answer for!



### "War Is Not Always Hell"

—except to the "non-com" on the outside!

In the words of the poet, he'd "rather be inside a-lookin' out, than on the outside a-lookin' in".

When you want a real drink ask for

**Old Saratoga**  
EXTRA FINE  
**WHISKEY**

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

**Roskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia**



## Living it over Again

In a mental picture, he reviews the accident, the result of his recklessness.

He realizes too late that it is *always foolhardy* to motor on slippery roads and streets without equipping all four tires with

## Weed Anti-Skid Chains

*The Only Real Safeguard Against Skidding*

Strange, is it not, that some men laugh at peril—they do not seek to avoid danger—and they have no fear because they have no prudence.

They continue to motor over sleety, icy, or wet roads and pavements with "Foolish Dependence Upon Bare Rubber Alone" until a false turn—a sudden meeting at a corner—a slip or a skid—brings disaster as the punishment for their imprudence.

You motorists with reasoning brains put on your Tire Chains at the first

indication of slippery streets, and the editors of the daily newspapers are urging all motorists to follow your example.

For instance, the Public Ledger of Philadelphia, Pa., published by the owners of The Saturday Evening Post, in an editorial on August 1st, 1914, said that the simple adjuration to "Use Tire Chains on wet and slippery pavements" deserved to find its way into a law, and that law should by all means be enforced.

Promote "Safety First" in YOUR motoring circle—insist that everyone use Weed Chains on ALL tires.



**Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., Bridgeport, Conn.**

Manufactured for Canada by  
**DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited**  
Head Office: Shaughnessy Building, Montreal, Canada



But how rare in these days is an intelligent home library, one that is being properly exercised each day, with the bloom of health upon its cheeks and real inspiration in its eyes. How changed are things nowadays from the time when Wordsworth exclaimed:

"And books we know are a substantial world."

Now, if anything, they have become an unsubstantial world, something to be tucked away in dark corners,

crowded out by phonograph records and automobile and moving-picture magazines.

And yet there are, in round numbers, said to be about twenty thousand volumes published in English each year. Where do they go? Who reads them?

Perhaps our college professors are doing it. With a growing sense of their literary responsibilities, maybe they feel obliged to read all these books. Perhaps that is why they are becoming so unintelligent.





## Do Your Christmas Subscribing Early

Handsome premium picture,  
"Where Love Is," given with  
each yearly subscription.

### Christmas Number Next Week

This is the largest and most alluring number of the year. It is the only number for which 25 cents is charged, and we feel ashamed to charge so little for such an aggregation of the best intellectual and artistic masterpieces known to contemporary genius.

This number included in regular yearly subscriptions that date from December first. Obey that impulse now.

### As a Christmas Present

If you wish to send LIFE to your friends for this purpose, communicate with us at once.

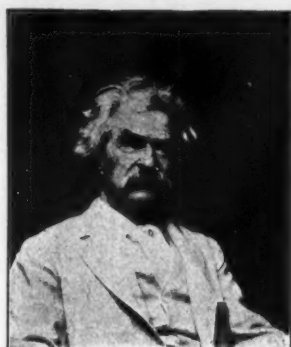
SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 70  
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)





## Be Happy!

**N**OW, more than ever, Mark Twain proves a blessing to you! Banish all depression and let in the sunshine of Mark Twain's radiant humor. Revel in the hearty and robust fun of the great storyteller. He is the antidote par excellence for the blues and all species of grouch, melancholy, general debility of the intellect. You may still obtain the Author's National Edition of

## MARK TWAIN AT SPECIAL HALF PRICE

"Tomorrow" may be too late!

**WITHIN** a short time this edition will be withdrawn from the market. It is in twenty-five volumes, each 5 x 7½ inches, carefully printed and a desirable acquisition to any library. Harper's MAGAZINE or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is included at this special price.

**THERE'S A COUPON BELOW**, awaiting your signature to bring the books. Now we are making it possible for anyone to be bright and cheery. **Send no money.** You have a year within which to pay for the twenty-five volumes. Sign the coupon below, for "Your Mark Twain". "Tomorrow" may be too late.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Sq., New York City  
Please send me in THE HARPER WAY, carriage free, a set of  
**MARK TWAIN'S WORKS**

Twenty-five volumes, cloth binding, and enter my name as a subscriber for one year to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, under the terms of your offer. It is understood I may retain the set for five days, and at the expiration of that time if I do not care for the books I will return them at your expense and you will cancel the subscription to the MAGAZINE. If I keep the books I will remit \$2.00 a month until the full price of the books and the MAGAZINE, \$25.00, has been paid, or within thirty days will send you \$23.75 as payment in full.

Signature ..... L. I. 11-26

Send books to .....

"The North American Review" may be substituted for  
"Harper's Magazine."

## Rhymed Reviews

### The Wall of Partition

(By Florence L. Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

**W**HILE Rodney Steele—engaged to wed  
His Cousin Madge—was busy fighting,  
He got a rap across the head  
That made him do some foolish writing.

It wasn't verse, but even worse:  
In aberrations most surprising,  
He wrote his mercenary nurse  
Some letters, highly compromising.

The nurse approached his fiancée,  
Who, duped by wicked fabrications,  
Dismissed poor Rodney right away  
And wouldn't hear his explanations.

She married; then her husband died,  
While Steele was penning books and shooting.  
And he was stern and full of pride;  
His royalties were past computing.

He came again to England's shore  
And settled down to brood and ponder;  
And Madge was living right next door,  
Though Rodney thought her 'way out yonder.

She called him up by telephone  
(Her voice would cause a stone to soften),  
And Rodney and his Kind Unknown  
Conversed together pretty often.

At length she stood revealed!—and,  
oh!

Her first advances Rodney parried.  
But after several weeks of woe,  
On New Year's evening they were married.

My heart is hard; I think it queer  
That books like this take front positions;

But floods of tears, from what I hear,  
Have ruined several big editions.

Arthur Guiterman.

### Perplexity

**F**IRST MODERN PARENT:  
Aren't your two children something of a problem?

**SECOND MODERN PARENT:** Yes, indeed. They go away to school for thirty-eight weeks, to camp for ten, and that leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them.



## Conspicuous nose pores

### How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

### Begin this treatment tonight

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibers so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

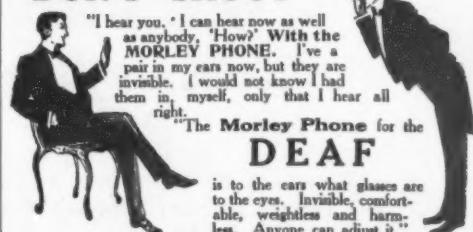
### Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 6-K, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

IN CANADA, address the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., Dept. 6-K, Perth, Ontario



## "DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

### The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.  
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 783, Ferry Bldg., Phila.



"Ardmore"

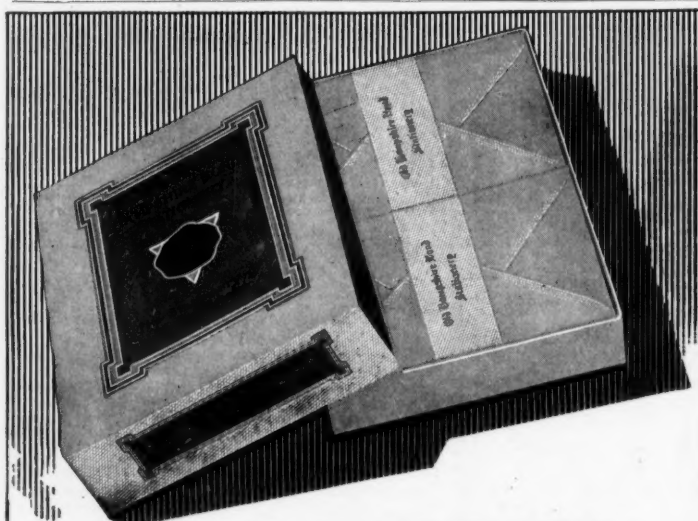
A style strongly  
favoured by the  
Avenue trade &  
Essentially a gen-  
tleman's collar &

It is an

ARROW Notch COLLAR

2 for 25¢

CLUETT·PEABODY & CO·INC·MAKERS



Old Hampshire Bond

The Stationery of a Gentleman

You may use only a box a year, but when you really need it, no other paper will suffice.

We have a sample packet we would like to mail you. Ask us for it.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls Mass.

## Ideal for Florida Service

You who visit Florida this winter will not be without the means of luxuriously safe and convenient water travel if you place your reservation now for a Speedway Runabout. Graceful, roomy, thoroughly seaworthy and as simple to run as a light car but far less in upkeep. "Outdoors on the Water" describes the beauty and utility of this little aristocrat. Shall we send it to you? Write to

Gas Engine and Power Co. and

Charles L. Seabury Co., Consolidated

Launch Dept. L.

Morris Heights, New

## Speedway Runabout



Off for a run  
in a thoroughbred



# Astor Trust Company

Your New York  
financial  
headquarters

If you visit New York occasionally or deal with merchants here, you will find a checking account with this company a great convenience.

Our location, on the Fifth Avenue slope of Murray Hill, is the district around which center New York's most prominent retail business houses, theatres and hotels, and is within a short distance of the two great railway terminals.

An account with the Astor Trust Company will afford you an excellent means of identification when in town, and enable you to pay New York bills by check, thus saving the trouble and expense of buying bank drafts or money orders.

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FIFTH AVENUE & 36th STREET, NEW YORK

# L I F E



## The Kaiser and His Gods

**B**EEN any reputations made in this war?

Too soon to say, but some have been improved.

For example?

The Duke of Alva's, Tilly's, Attila's and the Adversary's.

They're better thought of?

Yes, since the Germans sacked Belgium and bombarded Rheims Cathedral.

Made rough jobs of Belgium and Rheims?

Pretty rough! But still—

Well?

All those Belgian horrors may be needed to excuse the Cossacks and the Turcos when they get to Germany.

They're pretty wild?

Sometimes. Primitive, you know, like the Prussians. It is not right to blame the Prussians too much. They were born so. It seems necessary to kill them, that's all.

All of them?

Oh, no! Just enough to make killing seem a bad trade.

The Kaiser, too?

Can't say. Nice man, the Kaiser. Nice family of boys, too. Got a bug, though. Have to leave it to his own people to settle with him.

He seems to suit them.

Yes, he seems to, so far.

Very pious man, the Kaiser.

Yes; sincerely pious, but out of date. Seems to stand by Odin; Odin and Krupp. Fine gods, Odin and Krupp, but not modern enough. Time of peace prepare for war; time of war prepare for hell; that's Odin and Krupp. Not very popular gods outside of Prussia. All right gods for Nietzsche, Von Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the Hohenzollerns, but not suitable nowadays for the masses.

But the German masses seem to think well of the Kaiser's gods.

Yes, so far; but they sing Luther's hymns to them, and suppose they are the old-time god of Luther.

But they're not?

Not a bit. They're the gods of Nietzsche and Von Treitschke. That's what's the matter with Germany. After a while she'll find it out.

It is a pity that the historians of the several countries cannot put controversy aside and begin at once to clear the field by collecting unimpeachable data, especially of the sort more readily available now than later.—*Springfield Republican*.

**O**UR contemporary is evidently not familiar with the sources. All that historians will need is a complete file of the Hearst newspapers.

## The Editor

**D**ON'T edit Magazine or Journal, Not even if they call you "Colonel"!

The Editor is born for Woe.

(I've been the Thing and hence I know.)

With Open Ears to all Advisers—Subscribers, Owners, Advertisers—

He toils within his gloomy Haunts, A-guessing What the Public Wants, Repelling Lovely Authoresses

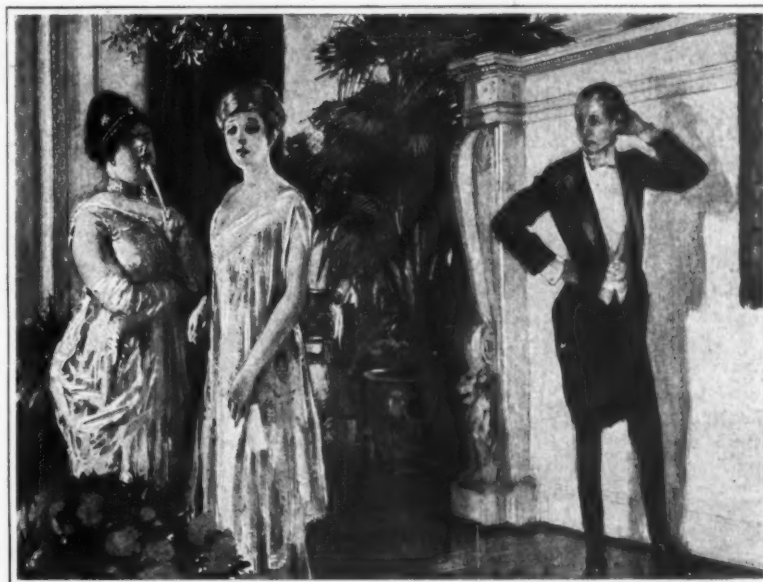
Who will not Guess the Way he Guesses—

Yet has to read what every Bore

Has got to say about the War.

*Arthur Guiterman.*

**M**OTTO for Congressmen—When in doubt, make a speech.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF ONE WAS THE GIRL YOU ARE ABOUT TO MARRY (FOR A CONSIDERATION) AND THE OTHER WAS THE GIRL YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH?





"SAY, JACK, IT'S COLD, ISN'T IT?"

### Unlawful

TO say that something is unlawful is not necessarily to say that it is wrong, but merely that it is contrary to the opinions of some modern, mediæval or ancient law-making power. In order to discover whether an unlawful thing is also a wrong thing, we must analyze both it and the law it contravenes, in the light of common sense, modern desires and present conditions. Good old laws become bad as the conditions which demand them disappear. The reputation of lawmakers rests upon their ability to make good laws, and the number of good laws is never large enough to make such reputations any too secure. When one mingles with lawmakers, moreover, and listens to their hollow-sounding oratory, one marvels how they can be right as often as they are. When lawmakers become so feeble and so out of harmony with their time that only a small minority of their laws are right, thus giving righteousness to the large majority of unlawful acts, a revolution ensues, during which a new set of lawmakers is installed.

E. O. J.



SEE saw, Margery Daw,  
Sold her clothes and traveled raw.  
Was she not a dreadful miss  
To walk about the town like this?

### Just a Matter of Business

"After a special commission had made investigations concerning the Pasteur cure England refused to permit it to be administered there. Wherever a Pasteur Institute exists rabies is always to be found."

—Alexander S. Arnold, in *New York Herald*.

WHICH means, the more deaths that are caused from fear of rabies the more money you get.  
Quite a pretty idea.

MRS. WILLIS: Then you think Mrs. Bump is absolutely honest?

MRS. GILLIS: Yes, indeed. That woman is so honest that she wouldn't even try to steal what is left after a church supper.

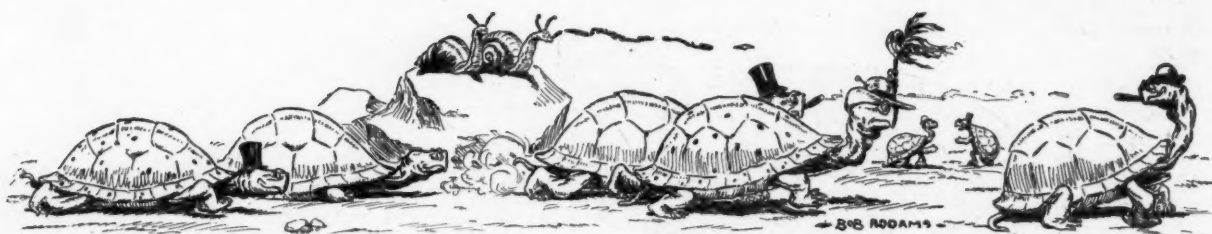


"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY"



*His Mother:* MERCY ME! WHY, WILLIAM PROMISED ME HE WOULDN'T TOUCH TOBACCO UNTIL HE CAME OF AGE

*His Chum:* THAT'S JUST IT. TWENTY-ONE THIS MORNING  
 "BUT HIS BIRTHDAY ISN'T UNTIL TO-MORROW"  
 "OH, HE IS GOING BY EUROPEAN TIME"



Willie Snail: GEE, BILL! ISN'T IT EXHILARATING TO SIT HERE AND WATCH THE TURTLES WHIZ PAST?

## An Impossible Subject

"PAPA," said Harold one morning, "what is the Supreme Court of the United States?"

"Why, my boy, it is a body of men who meet and tell us what the laws shall be. It is an all-powerful body. It practically runs everything."

Harold was very thoughtful.

"I suppose, papa," he said at last, "that it is about as powerful in the country as mother is in this house?"

This made Harold's father also thoughtful.

"Well, Harold," he said at last, "perhaps not quite so powerful as that; still, there can be no doubt that the Supreme Court has a great deal of authority."

"And how many of 'em are there?"

"Um! You mean members?"

Let's see. My mind is occupied with so many weighty problems that sometimes these details escape me—for the moment. There are—well—several. Not enough to make a crowd, perhaps, but still enough to keep things going."

"My history teacher says there are nine of 'em."

Harold's father frowned. It naturally irritated him to think his boy had been guilty of the impertinence to trick him.

"Then why didn't you say so at once?" he exclaimed.

"Because, papa, I wasn't sure. My history teacher fooled me once, and I haven't been sure of her since. Now won't you please tell me what they do?"

"Why, Harold, they meet and talk things over, and decide about the laws and—"

"What are their names?"

"Bless me! Let's see; there's Oliver Wendell Hughes and Mr. Taft—oh, no, I believe he isn't but ought to be—now, Harold, let me tell you something. Listen carefully, because it is of the utmost importance."

"I am listening carefully, papa."

"You have just reached the age where dry facts—such as names and numbers and all that sort of thing—seem to you to be necessary. But remember that it is accumulated wisdom and experience that counts. For instance, there may be a few unimportant details about the Supreme Court that have temporarily slipped my mind. That, Harold, does not mean that I don't know. The spirit

of the Supreme Court—one of the foundation stones of our grand democracy—is, I may say, intensely familiar to me. When you get older, Harold, you will learn that the mellowness of ripe experience—"

"They must be like umpires, aren't they—only think of having nine of 'em—that's as many as a whole team! I should think, papa, that the people would get awful mad and want to kill 'em."

"That's because you are too young to understand these weighty matters, Harold. Besides, my boy, I must say I don't like this sudden interest you take in the Supreme Court. You ought not to do it. Let them alone, Harold. Nobody in this country, except possibly myself, knows anything about the doings of the Supreme Court, or wants to. It's unnatural. Better go out and play ball. Hurry! Here comes your mother."

"Good-bye, papa, and thank you. She's the only Supreme Court you care about, isn't she?"



SANDY HOOK

## Non-resistance

THE big Krupp siege guns have only been demonstrating physically what has long been known mentally, ever since the experience of man has counted for anything; and that is that no mental fortifications can withstand outside bombardment.

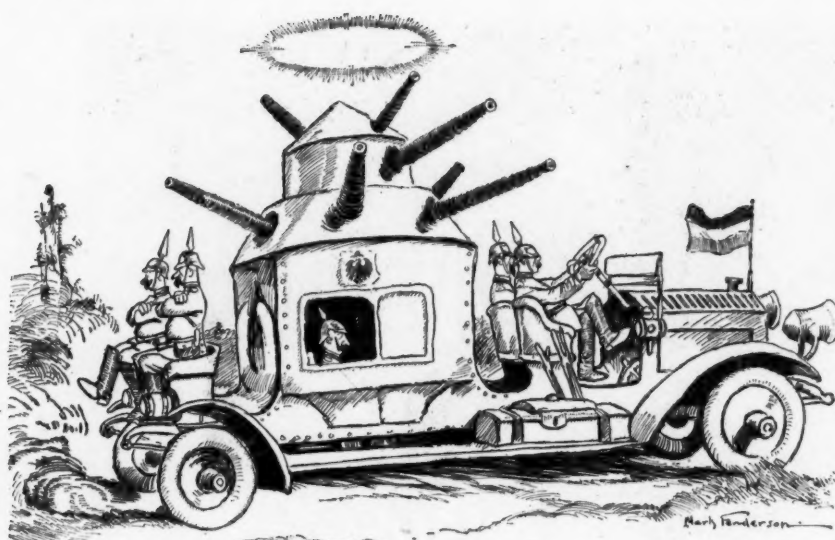
Many human beings bristle with fortifications. Many a mind is overloaded with disappearing guns, inviting constant disaster.

Think of how much better off Belgium would have been to-day without a fortification. Non-resistance is the only impregnable fortress. It's the one thing that cannot be captured.





LEST WE FORGET



"GOD IS WITH US"

**FROST:** Don't you think it would be a good idea, if one M. D. said an operation was needed, to consult several others and get their views?

**SNOW:** Possibly. But the more surgeons you consulted the more operations you'd find imperative.



**A FOOT-BALL-PLAY (ON WORDS)**

"You talk too much," said Uncle Sam,  
"And I would rather see you play,  
So fix a date—select the place,  
And let's start something right away.  
I don't think there is any ground  
For your perennial argument . . ."

**What Congress Has Done**

(From Any Respectable Republican Newspaper.)

**PRAISE** God, this is a country not easily ruined, or else the last Democratic Congress, recently adjourned, would have done it. Among the countless calamities which have occurred under this administration we have only space to note the following:

The worst war in history.

Closing of the Stock Exchange—the nation's financial bulwark.

Spots on the sun, causing some extremely annoying weather.

The war in Colorado.

Disgraceful peace with Mexico.

Uninteresting magazines.

Decline and fall of the Giants.



THE FELLOW-SERVANT RULE



EVENING IN ENGLAND

### The Last State of Man

TO save somebody from something now became the order of the day.

The motto *E pluribus unum* was superseded by "safety first".

Thus all was going so much better than even the most enthusiastic advocates of the new scheme could have wished, when an alarming situation arose. Everybody was being saved. The number of these was so great as to become overwhelming, and the increased population threatened to overthrow the State.

It was practically impossible to be killed by a railroad train, run over by a motor or operated upon by a surgeon, not to mention being drowned from an excursion boat, suffocated in a mine or blown to pieces by a bomb.

The stern necessity of dying a natural death was thus the common lot of humanity. Science acknowledged its defeat.

The saddest part of the whole affair was that as literature, art, the drama and baseball had perished, and there was nothing left but the moving pictures and the monthly magazines, nobody wanted to live.



"MOTHER, I MAY AS WELL WARN YOU THAT I'M GOIN'  
TO START PRAYIN' FOR A ROCKING-HORSE,  
SO YOU BETTER START SAVIN' UP"



## General Orders

*From Berlin.*

1. **W**HEN the German army arrives within ten miles of a town which is about to be invaded, all the inhabitants thereof shall look happy. This regulation is necessary to preserve the morale of the German army and must be strictly observed or the town, including suburbs, will be burned, the hands of all the residents between fifteen and thirty cut off, and a tax levied.

2. The foregoing rule must not be interpreted as allowing inhabitants of invaded towns to look too happy. Excessive happiness will naturally lead to the suspicion that the honorable Germans are being laughed at. Anyone caught laughing, no matter how ludicrous the German officer may be, will be shot, all female inhabitants of the town carefully searched, the hands of the unwilling cut off, and a tax levied upon all towns within one hundred miles.

3. As soon as a town has reason to hope that it is going to be invaded by the German army, all the citizens thereof shall immediately proceed to stock their cellars with wines of the choicest vintage and their larders with the best provisions. They shall then forward lists of these wines and provisions to the General Board of Strategy at Berlin. Those citizens who make the best selection of dainties will be spared. All others will be killed or maimed and a tax will be levied.

4. All towns are warned that it is dangerous to undertake any measures of self-defense. If a town allows itself to be burned in the right spirit, the honor of the Germans is pledged that no harm will come to it, and, in proof of the good intentions of the German officers and men, all town officials will be shot and a tax levied.

(Signed) GENERAL VON VANDAL.



"SAY, MICKEY, YOU'D THINK THEY WOULD LOOK HAPPY"  
"AW, DEY'R JEST SUFFERIN' WIT' LUXURY"



"OH, WHAT A CUNNING LITTLE DARLING! WHAT BREED IS HE?"

"WHAT BREED DO YE LIKE BEST, LADY?"

## One In Authority

**M**EN who handle dogs professionally say they have never seen a case of hydrophobia, and naturally are not afraid of it.

But Dr. Sigismund Schulz Goldwater knows better. He knows that every dog is going mad before sunset and the only safe course is to muzzle 'em all, great and small, winter and summer. What's more, he has the authority and it's going to be done.

Where did Dr. Sigismund Schulz Goldwater get his ideas on dogs?

Did they come with him from his native land?  
They certainly are not American.

## For the Sufferers

THE following contributions have been received up to November 13th, inclusive:

Previously acknowledged .....	\$1,480.72
One ticket to St. Helena.....	25.00
Zoe Brunson, Pine Bluff, Ark.....	1.50
Collected by Mabel Hazeltine, Jack- son School, Cedar Rapids, Ia.....	1.40
Anonymous, Los Angeles, Cal.....	10.00
Col. Harry Williams, Wallace, Idaho	5.00
C. D. Gibbs, Wallace, Idaho.....	2.00
Mrs. Woods, Wallace, Idaho.....	5.00
W. W. Woods, Wallace, Idaho.....	10.00
Katharine M. Douglass, Oakland, Cal.....	1.00
Mrs. George M. Mashek, Escanaba, Mich.....	20.00
Through K. W. MacDonald, Wat- sonville, Cal.....	17.98
Wm. L. Marcy, Baltimore, Md....	1.00
Anti-Kaiser .....	20.00
O. F. von Armin, New York City..	2.00
Henry P. Smith, Guanajuato, Mex.	10.00
T. L. Carothers, Guanajuato, Mex.	10.00
John, Ben, and David, Laramie, Wyo.....	1.00
Miss Edith A. Thorpe, Fall River, Mass.....	2.00
Richard, Lakewood, N. J.....	10.00
Julienne J. Zisette, Paterson, N. J.	5.00
J. R. Kendall, Gold Hill, Ore.....	5.00
H. T. H., Chicago, Ill.....	1.00
George A. Rich, Fort Dodge, Ia....	5.00
Tiffin, O.....	1.00
Cash, Macon, Ga.....	10.00

\$1,662.60

We have also received from S. C. Ares, New York City, one package of knit goods.

In addition to the money already forwarded to France from LIFE's readers in behalf of the war sufferers, we have sent to Mrs. Duryea, at Dinard, 50 large, warm shawls, 120



"HUMPH! AND THE PROBABILITIES SAID CONTINUED FAIR!"



The Cook: AN' BEFORE I GO I'LL HAVE A REF'RANCE AS T' ME GOOD BEHAVIOR, UNDERSTAND!

union suits of underwear for women, 60 for boys and 120 for girls, all assorted sizes. To the Belgian refugees we are sending 200 shawls, 450 union suits for women, 600 for girls and 660 for boys. This will mean that 2,260 helpless and homeless persons will receive some protection from the cold that is already beginning to add to their other sufferings.

LIFE will make a formal accounting of the receipts and disbursements for this most worthy cause, and meanwhile our readers should remember that there is no limit to the amount of suffering to be relieved, or at least alleviated. America is giving generously, and although the total of gifts and the amount of the relief funds make in themselves a very imposing sum, it is little in comparison with the great need. In the forwarding of contributions to LIFE there are no overhead expenses, as LIFE is glad to use its conveniences and resources to act as almoner for the generosity of LIFE's readers.

## Fact and Fancy

"I WOULD I were a bird," she sang.

"I would you were," said her husband. "You could go south for the winter without its costing me anything."



ADAM TAKES EVE FOR A CANTER

### What! Flannel Petticoats?

Paris, Oct. 26.—*Le Temps* to-night appeals to Parisiennes to send their woolen petticoats for use by the wounded suffering from leg wounds.

**I**S *Le Temps* joking, or can it be that in Paris women still wear flannel petticoats?

In New York they passed hopelessly out of fashion and use several years ago.

Persons who claimed to be informed assert that of all the details of under-raiment that belonged in a woman's wardrobe ten years ago, the only one that survives is the stocking.

More's the pity!

### Meekness

**W**HEN it comes to discussing terms of peace in Europe we must remember that absolutely meek people being scarce, it must be the relatively meek who are to inherit the earth. And surely the Allies are meek compared with the Germans.

### Inexplicable Partiality

**W**HAT have the shippers of the country done, or neglected to do, to our worthy newspapers to cause them to give such little attention to the interests of the shipping public? The news columns are open to yards and yards of press-bureau matter from the railroads, and the editorial writers are extremely prolific of arguments showing why the shippers should pay more to the railroad stockholders and fiscalizers for having their goods and themselves hauled about. But the newspapers give little attention to the interests of the shippers. Editorial writers, though possessing enough mental agility for most emergencies, can't possibly see the shippers' side of it.

Is all this because the shippers haven't the proper kind of press bureau, or what? Let them bestir themselves. The newspapers will be glad to do the right thing if it is made right with them.

**W**OMEN are the same in marriage as in shopping. The older they become the more they demand real bargains before investing.



A GOOD ONE ON HIM





CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN  
THE WAR EXPERTS



NOVEMBER 26, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 64  
No. 1674

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Brems Bldgs., London, E. C.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.



A GREAT advantage of our system of government over Germany's is the superior facility with which,

when we have gone too far in any direction, we can take the back track. It may not seem a sure advantage to be "everything by starts and nothing long", and if even good governmental policies continued to be right, no matter how long continued, ease in quitting them would be no gain. But when conditions change, what was a good policy becomes bad, and as conditions are constantly changing, not many policies stand long use.

There was Germany's military policy of armament to the eyes, and universal military training. It was to have made her the one safe spot in Europe. But the more it went on, the less safe she felt, so she got increased doses of the military medicine. Her governing class all saw with a single eye. Military preparedness was their remedy and they had to stick to it and hold the nation to it.

In our country, if militarism had squeezed so hard, the power would have shifted, and we would have put in a complete new set of rulers. But Germany could not unload militarism without unloading the Kaiser; the Kaiser could not unload it without hurting his own credit and heaving out the whole Junker aristocracy. That, probably, he was not strong enough to do, and doubtless did not want to do. There was no one who could rid Germany of militarism without a revolution, so it had to run its course to its natural finish.

In our more or less blessed country

we have the advantage as well as the defects of having no permanent ruler whose credit is involved in the maintenance of a permanent policy. When we condemn a policy we also fire the ruler who is tied up to it. That enfeebles us as a world-power, but it helps to insure us against dying of fits. We throw our fits regularly enough, but as yet we have not died of them. When the inconvenience of any particular fit has been sufficiently demonstrated we give it up.



SEVERAL kinds of fits into which we have lately fallen are now under observation about as close and intelligent as we can give to anything, and we are trying to decide whether it would be profitable to give them up. There is, in particular, our late fit of railroad reform, the paroxysms of which have been so much admired, and which for six or seven years past have proceeded with increasing intensity. Our chief doctor for the supervision of this fit is the Interstate Commerce Commission. We count on that commission to observe the fit's incidents, and to apply restoratives if the subject of experiment shows signs of waning vitality. The subject, nowadays, is filling the terrestrial dome with wails and lamentations, protesting that it is starving to death and overwhelmed with futile expenses, and that it is its very last breath which is now being expended in beseeching cries. The I. C. C. looks on with

Torquemada-like tranquillity, and winks at the tormentors, but the public begins to find its peace of mind affected by the victims' howls. It is inconvenient to have railroads distressed, not only because their services are necessary to the continuance of our present habits, but because they are among our greatest distributors of money, so that when they lack the means of distribution our whole economic machine begins to labor in its running. The railroads now seem to be fully persuaded that they are on their last legs. If a lot of them died, it would be mighty inconvenient, and we should doubtless express our sense of dissatisfaction by turning the Democrats out of office. That would be hard on the present administration, which is not primarily to blame. President Wilson has only two new appointees on the I. C. C. out of seven members. The Republican members of the commission can doubtless bear the sufferings of a Democratic administration with as much composure as the sufferings of the railroads.

To say what the railroads ought to have is a matter for experts. The I. C. C. is supposed to be a board of experts and equal to that duty. Where we voters come in as experts is in estimating the capacity of the I. C. C. If we find that the railroads are dying with inconvenient frequency under the supervision of the I. C. C., we can abolish the I. C. C.'s job. No dynasty's credit is involved in the maintenance of the I. C. C. If its members are incompetent—if it does more harm than good—out it will go.



BERNARD SHAW is satisfied to have England in the war and thinks she belongs there, but fills fifteen columns of the *Times* with complaints about the way she got in. Bernard is an agreeable writer, and nobody can read fifteen columns of him without some profit, if only from style, but when one has got through he wants somebody to tell him what Bernard has said.



He has said that if he had been Sir Edward Grey he would have managed quite differently and would probably have averted war altogether; also that next to the German Junkers the British Junkers are the worst Junkers in the world, and that this is a Junker war.

No doubt that is true enough. The British own the earth and the Germans want it. There is no great moral objection to Germans taking the earth away from the British if they can. As between British and Germans a real neutral—the Almighty, for example—might look on quite dispassionately. It's no wickedness for the Germans to wish to be boss ashore than for the British to wish to rule the wave. We get from both nations the expression of the will to power.

Nevertheless, there is good reason for us, and most other nations, to favor the British and not the Germans. If even the Germans possessed the earth they would be obliged, in the end, to satisfy it, or they could not hold it. But they don't seem to know how. They cannot satisfy any people except Germans. They might learn how in time, possibly, but a great many

sore heads and sore hearts would be the price of their instruction.

But the British, after several hundred years of practice and much painful experience in satisfying other peoples, have come to be remarkably proficient in it. Their great empire seems to hold together for the mutual convenience of its members. England is already the nucleus of a great world confederation of fairly well satisfied, largely self-governing peoples, who act together for mutual convenience. There is vastly better prospect of satisfaction and the maintenance of peace in co-operating with that existing confederation than in breaking it all up and starting another with headquarters in Berlin.

Moreover, though there are British Junkers, as there are German Junkers, the British Junker is a very much chastened man. Ideas have penetrated his consciousness to which the German Junker's mind is a complete stranger. Read in "Guy Livingstone" of Ralph Mohun's fight with the wild Irish. Other days, other customs! What English were in Ireland, Germans might still be somewhere else.

What England has done in Ireland in the last generation, and even in the last year, is very valuable to her now. It helps to fill in her certificate of regeneration, the more so as it was not a war measure, but the slow-ripening fruit of a progressive public sentiment.



**A** DREADNOUGHT is a nuisance and a super-dreadnought is a super-nuisance. These infernal craft cost too much. The more dreadnoughts the world doesn't have, the richer it is.

Nevertheless, the loss of that one—the *Audacious*—which hit a mine north of Ireland, might well have been postponed until the proceedings now going on to put human affairs on a new basis are completed. That the men were taken off is a consolation.

A great price is being paid for something in this war. That will intensify the demand that finally the goods shall be delivered.





"YOU KEEP YER HANDS OFF'N HIM!  
WHAT D'YER THINK I PICK HIM OUT  
FER—FER YOU TO PEG AT?"

### They Meet

"WHERE have you been?" said the girl with the moleskin boa.

The girl in the monkey toque was visibly emotionated. She breathed hard before replying.

"You'd never guess!" she exclaimed, "but it is just perfectly lovely. And it's perfectly wonderful how much I know."

"Tell me quick, I'm just dying to—"

"It's our Current Events Club. *My dear!* You must join. Miss Spinner, you know, she gives weekly talks at the Splitdorf about everything that has happened. *My dear!* It's marvelous! Her father lost his fortune, but before 'that, of course, she had traveled everywhere. Met kings. Takes up every event. *My dear!* I'm so excited about it I simply can't talk. She reads all the papers—visits personally—personally, mind you!—all of our public men and then tells us what has happened. Knows the President—oh, intimately—such a charming story about him this week. . . . But her grasp! Well, I know everything! Ask me. . . ."

The moleskin boa blushed with envy.

"I can't wait to join," she said. "Woman's conversation is so narrow now, isn't it? And what it must

mean to get one's knowledge of current events at first hand! Of course I read the papers—that is, I glance over the headlines. Really, I am actually afraid to talk to you."

"*My dear!* You well may be. I am actually alarmed about myself. And it's so easy to listen, sitting there. And she has such a voice! This morning, for instance, it was about the Federal Reserve, and the splendid Clayton Bill, and, of course, the war—oh, *my dear*, if you could only feel Miss Spinner bring out its lights and shadows! She said this morning it was a 'world cataclysm'. You know, it gives you such an *insight* into human motives. She is so deep, so wonderfully penetrating! I wish you could have heard her describe the White Paper."

"The White Paper. What can that possibly be?"

"Oh, of course, you don't know. That's the fine thing about Miss Spinner. She makes it all so clear. Yes, there's the White Paper and the Gray and Blue and Yellow and—oh, all the principal colors."

"But—relieve my suspense! What are they?"

"Why, they caused the war."

"Well, of course, I knew it was a scrap of paper, but I didn't know it was colored."

"Not that. You see, every color is a nation—or rather a Power—and it's all so diplomatic, you know, and frightfully interesting."

"But awfully horrible. And, of course, she had to be neutral."

"*My dear!* That is Miss Spinner's art. I give you my word, I never dreamed that anyone could be so neutral. You must come!"

"I'm simply dying to."

"Thursdays—at four."

"*My dear!* Don't tell me that. Thursday is my bridge club. Of course, I don't care anything about that, but one has obligations. And it is so hard to get anyone to fill in."

"I quite understand. But perhaps next week—"

"If I possibly can I'll call you up. *Au revoir.* I'm just famishing to know about that Clayton Reserve Bill."



OATHS  
BEFORE AND BEHIND

### Oath Wanted

**W**ANTED—Oath. Owing to exigencies, evolution, higher criticism and other innovations, there is urgent need for a solemn oath that will command universal respect and be considered binding. During the history of the race, man has sworn by everything he could think of at one time or another; by his halidom, by his honor, by his ancestors, and so on, always picking something that he revered at the time and considering himself forsworn so long as his reverence lasted. But, alas! reverence, like other sentiments, is shifty, and the truth is hard to tell when a lie better suits one's interests, and so it has been continually necessary to invent new and more awe-inspiring oaths. We now seem to have run the entire gamut of past, present and future, leaving nothing that man can swear by with any great assurance that he will respect his oath. This need must be supplied before we can proceed. Address M. T. Church, Minerva Street, Ennyburg.

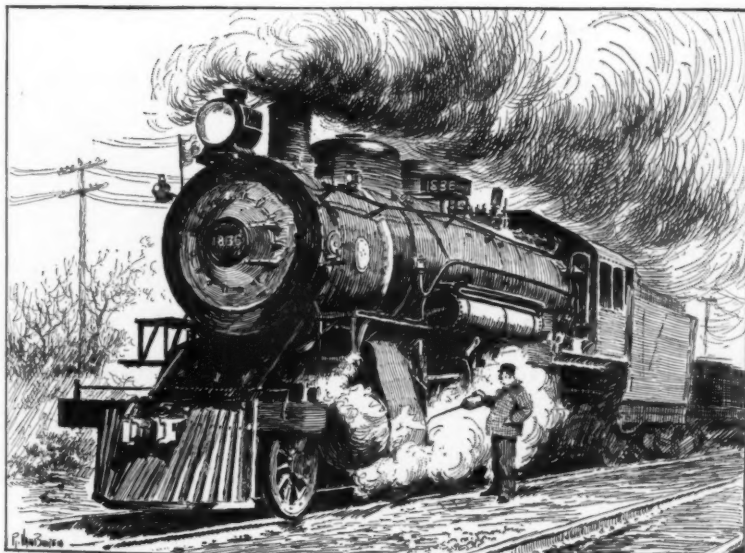
### Queer!

**O**NE would like to know where the money comes from which pays advertising rates for publication on Mondays in the leading New York daily papers of two-column sermons by one "Pastor Russell". Somewhere behind these disbursements there must be a considerable enthusiasm. Appended to the sermons is an advertisement of a book, and that suggests a commercial motive. But a book of six hundred pages, cloth bound, for twenty-five cents implies not a profit, but a loss.



THE ALIBI

**O**NE of the great things about the school of experience is that it has no professors.



HIS BABY



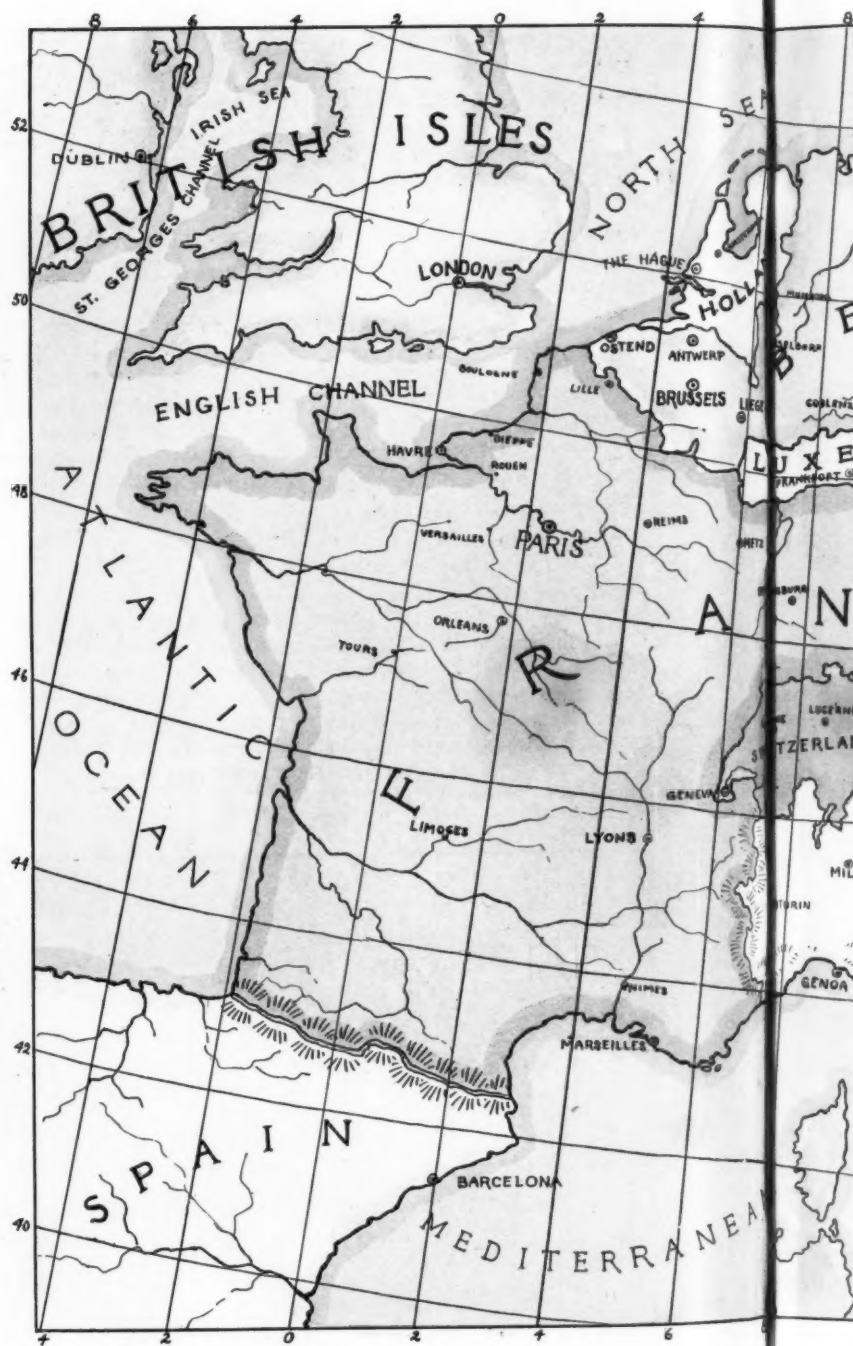
THE TRAP



LOUVAIN



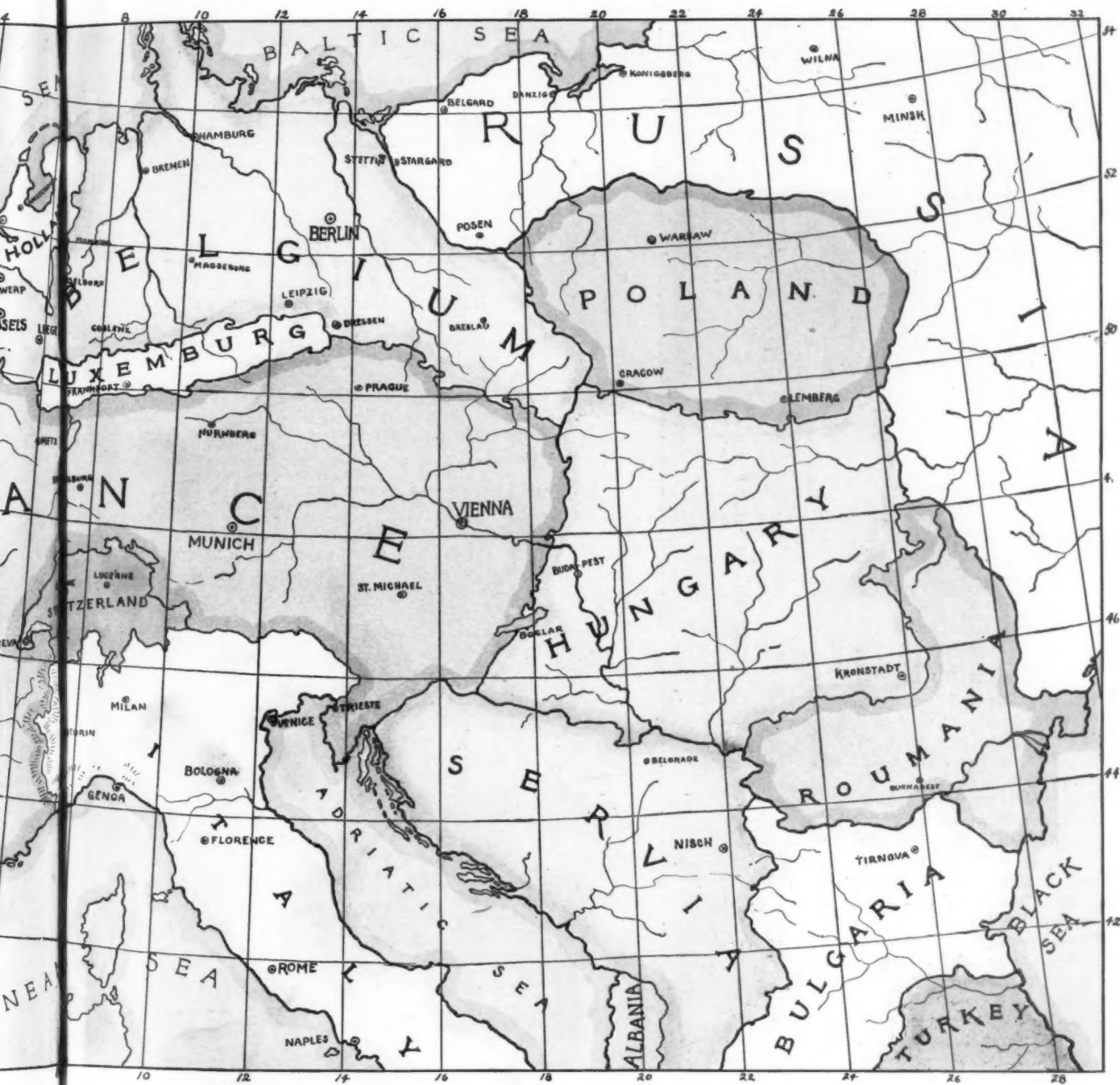
RHEIMS



*A Map of  
Revised for Perma*



· LIFE ·



Map of Europe  
for Permanent Peace

## Kind Aladdin

ALADDIN was in one of his most humanitarian moods. He rubbed the lamp impulsively. The genie almost stumbled over himself in his haste to answer.

"Bring me the Progressive party."

"Yes, sire."

The genie disappeared and in a few moments returned, bringing with him the Progressive party.

"Well," said Aladdin, impatiently.

"I am the Progressive party," said the Progressive party, politely.

"You don't say so! What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I haven't anything to say for myself."

"Well, you are a fine Progressive party, aren't you? I don't believe you have life enough in you to jump over a river of doubt. What have you been doing with yourself during the past two years?"

"Progressing, your honor. What else is there for any Progressive party to do?"

Aladdin laughed. Then he suddenly turned to the genie, who was still standing near.

"Hey, there, slave!" he exclaimed, "are you sure this is a Progressive party, and if it is, what are you waiting for?"

The genie bowed.

"Sire," he replied, "I am quite sure that this is the Progressive party, but it is possible that your eyesight is not so good as mine, so I have waited, sire, to hand you this magnifying glass."

Aladdin smiled as he took the glass.

"Well, this is more like it," he exclaimed. "I heard a voice, but it's grown so small I couldn't see it. Take it away, slave, and let it die a natural death. I had some thought of putting it out of its misery—but what's the use?"

## Query

The proof that big league baseball is honest has come in the fact that ninety-two thousand dollars has had to be refunded to world's series ticketholders because the series did not run beyond four games. As an advertisement alone this demonstration was worth the money.

—Springfield Republican.

IF it was worth the money, then how does it prove that baseball is honest?



HOW HE REALLY KILLED IT

## Modern Myths

MANY people rashly assume that myths no longer exist and that their manufacture is a thing of the past. Here, however, are a few of recent make:

That gold is necessary to maintain war. That gold, in extremes, is necessary to maintain anything. In the desperate struggle to maintain supremacy, nothing counts but muscle and food. "An army," said Napoleon, "travels on its belly."

That a scholar is an idealist and not a practical man of business. Disproved in this country by the career of Woodrow Wilson.

That bank presidents wear halos. This myth still believed in some quarters.

That philosophers, scientists and great litterateurs are any less childish and silly than the average run of human beings. (Vide German professors' war utterances.)



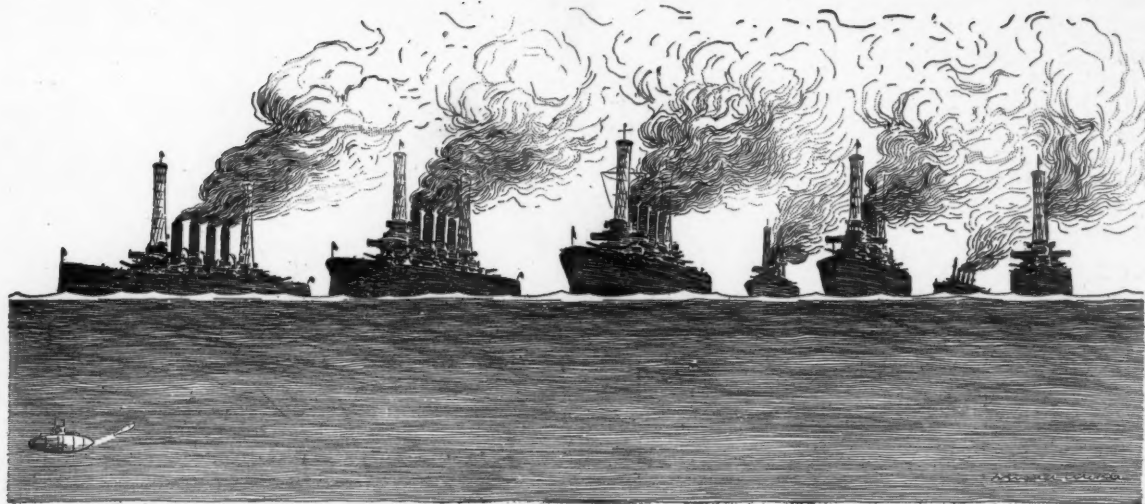
"YER LITTLE BROTHER'S LOST, IS HE? WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?"  
"HIS FACE IS W-WASHED AN' HE HAS A P-PENNY IN HIS POCKET"



"AIN'T YE 'SHAMED O' YERSELF, MIKE CLANCY?"

"'COURSE OI'M 'SHAMED O' MESELF. 'F OI WASH'N 'SHAMED O' MESELF, OI—OI'D BE 'SHAMED O' MESELF FER—FER NOT BEIN' 'SHAMED O' MESELF."





JUNK



### Chronicle of a Quiet Week



AN author saves himself a lot of trouble in constructing his play when he picks out for a heroine a young woman with an absolutely blank mind. He can then make her do anything that fits in with the requirements of his story, and his audiences cannot deny, even in their own minds, the possibility of her actions.

Such a young woman is *Columbine*, the heroine of the play entitled "The Marriage of *Columbine*", and from the pen of Mr. Harold Chapin. It opens the new "Punch and Judy" Theatre. The piece is somewhat in the way of fantasy if we accept the title and naming of the leading characters as evidence, but most of it is on an entirely realistic basis of life in the show business in England half a century ago. *Scaramouche*, the hero, is a clown, but we see him only in his exaggerated show-man attire in private life and living in ordinary domestic surroundings.

*Columbine* herself is his professional associate and the mother of his three children. The author presents her to us as having reached the age that fact implies and having been brought up in the not entirely unsophisticated environment of the traveling circus. We know that among English professionals of the humbler classes their private lives are lived on very simple and conventional lines. This does not imply, though, a state of ignorance or idiocy which would keep *Columbine* from knowing the significance of a marriage certificate or what the institution of marriage meant. Mr.

Chapin makes us admit this possibility as a premise to those actions of hers that give the play its story. Among these are accepting unquestioned the statement of a ranting Non-conformist evangelist that she is living in a state of sin that condemns her to eternal hell-fire, her leaving the father of her children without making an appeal of any kind to him and, without a spark of affection or feeling of attraction, marrying the teacher of Christianity to save herself from the unending fiery punishment he has pictured to her.

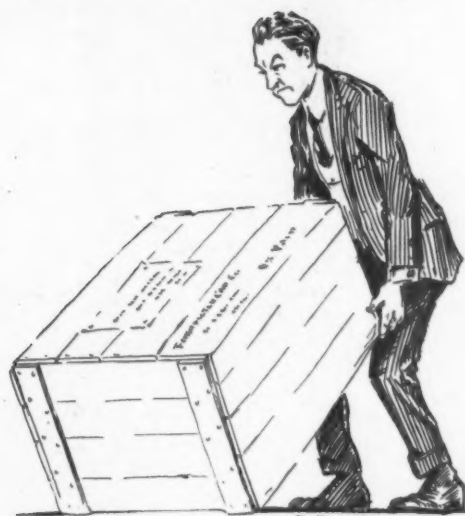


HOWEVER, let us accept *Columbine* and her phenomenal credulity which implies equal credulity on our own part. *Scaramouche* himself also gags us a bit with speech, manners and mentality which would have lifted him out of his small career, these qualifications being accounted for by the author as equipment gained by travel and sojourns in many foreign capitals. He is more credible than *Columbine*, though, as are *Salamandro*, a fellow professional and parasite of *Scaramouche*, and *La Bolero*, a retired bareback rider, whose only assets are her advanced years, a crabbed temper and a shrewish tongue. These characters are well drawn, and, together with numerous clever lines and the creation of the professional domestic atmosphere, are the author's best contributions to the play. *Scott*, the smug and hypocritical young dissenter, is also a good piece of character-drawing, although of a type more familiar in England than here.

The acting of the play is interesting, but uneven. Mr. Hopkins, who is the backer of the Punch and Judy Theatre, as well as its director and principal actor, has the part of *Scaramouche*. Mrs. Hopkins is *Columbine*. They are both graduates of the school of practical acting conducted by Mr. Ben Greet in his various enterprises and suffer from the awful taint of amateurism that brand of education implies. Mrs. Hopkins is fragile, pretty, and gains sympathy in her impossible but pathetic rôle. Mr. Hopkins is impressive in a heavy way, but his diction is bad, his carriage stagey and his deficiency in temperament so evident that it is obvious he should confine his theatrical activities to backing and directing. Mr. Emery and Louise Closser Hale have the principal character parts, to whose requirements they are entirely suffi-

cient. Mr. Yost pictures the dissenting Christian in a way to gain the contempt of the audience for the character and applause for the way in which it is portrayed.

THE Punch and Judy is another small theatre. It has seating room for fewer than three hundred persons. It escapes the fatally expensive requirements of New York's fire and building laws by its smallness, and essays novelty by the character of its decoration in Elizabethan style, emphasized by the clothing of its boy ushers in the quaint garb of the Bluecoat School. New York is rarely deceived by these well-meant innovations, and in the long run looks only to the entertainment furnished by the stage. In the present case it looks as though the Punch and Judy Theatre would have to show something better in story and in part of the acting than the present performance of "The Marriage of Columbine".



WEDDING PRESENT

Bride-to-be: WHAT'S THAT, HARRY?

Groom-to-be: ANOTHER FORD. THIS IS THE FIFTH THIS MORNING.

THE first bill at the Princess this year was a failure. The management and backing of the house apparently lost the courage that would maintain in New York one small theatre where the avowed policy was to produce playlets in which cleverness in writing and acting was to take the place of conventionality. The warning was given, the young person was shooed off, and apparently New York had a new institution in a theatrical way in which almost everything was allowable except stupidity. If this possible plan had been adhered to the Princess might have gained a clientele. With the concession to Puritanism and the timidity shown in this season's first bill the Princess failed to shock or please the public it catered to and which might have become a reliable asset. Perhaps the new bill will be along the former lines and give the Princess a new lease of life.

Metcalfe.

### Confidential Guide

**Astor.**—"The Miracle Man." Attempted capitalization of a successful faith-healer by a gang of New York crooks made the basis of an interesting play with humor and seriousness curiously mixed.

**Belasco.**—"The Phantom Rival." Dream play adapted from the Hungarian to American surroundings. Interesting and well staged.

**Booth.**—"Experience." Elaborate morality play with modern characters and modern instances. Well played.

**Candler.**—"On Trial." Novel treatment of melodrama with a murder story. Staged well and in original fashion.

**Casino.**—"Suzi." Girl-and-music show of the usual Viennese kind. Elaborately put on, but of average quality.

**Cohan's.**—"It Pays to Advertise." Cleverly acted farcical comedy with the humorous side of advertising made the basis of a whole lot of fun.

**Comedy.**—"Marie Tempest in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Marv Goes First". Very English comedy, but with the star at her best in a very congenial rôle.

**Cort.**—"Under Cover." Polite melodrama with smuggling and Custom House methods for its basis. Well played and interesting.

**Eltzinger.**—"Innocent." The career of a young woman equipped by heredity and inclination to tread the primrose path. Sordid in its details, but cleverly described.

**Empire.**—"Diplomacy." Changed but not improved version of the delightful old Sardou drama, with cast more distinguished in reputation than in present performance.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"The Lilac Domino." Comic opera, light but well staged and unusually well sung.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Law of the Land." Drama of a murder mystery in high life and police methods of handling it. Holds the interest closely from beginning to end.

**Fulton.**—"Twin Beds." The remarkable complications that may ensue from one's entering a neighbor's flat by mistake. Diverting farce.

**Gaiety.**—"Daddy Long-Legs." Agreeably presented little play, pathetic and amusing by turns in narrating the story of an attractive girl founding.

**Globe.**—"Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in "Chin-Chin". Brilliantly staged and very laughable musical extravaganza.

**Harris.**—"Nazimova in "That Sort", by B. Macdonald Hastings. author of "The New Sin". Rather inexperienced drama of the lady with a past impersonated by Nazimova in her foreign way.

**Hippodrome.**—"The Wars of the World." Dazzling spectacle, but, in spite of its title, not calculated to incite any breach of neutrality.

**Hudson.**—"The Big Idea," by Messrs. A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Notice later.

**Knickerbocker.**—"The Girl from Utah." Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn heading a good company in a girl-and-music show of the usual London type.

**Little.**—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Highly diverting farcical comedy with the doings in an English country house well set forth by an English company.

**Lyceum.**—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, with Elsie Ferguson as the star. An extremely clever play extremely well done and demonstrating that the star is in the very first rank of American artists.

**Lyric.**—"The Only Girl." Musical play with score by Victor Herbert and the book adapted by Henry Blossom. Really amusing and well done.

**Manhattan Opera House.**—"Life." Megatherian melodrama of American life with every act packed with scenic sensations.

**Marine Elliott's.**—"Mr. Wu," with Mr. Walker Whiteside in the title rôle. Drama of international life in Hong Kong. Picturesquely Oriental and interesting.

**Park.**—"The Garden of Paradise," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Notice later.

**Princess.**—A new bill of short plays. Notice later.

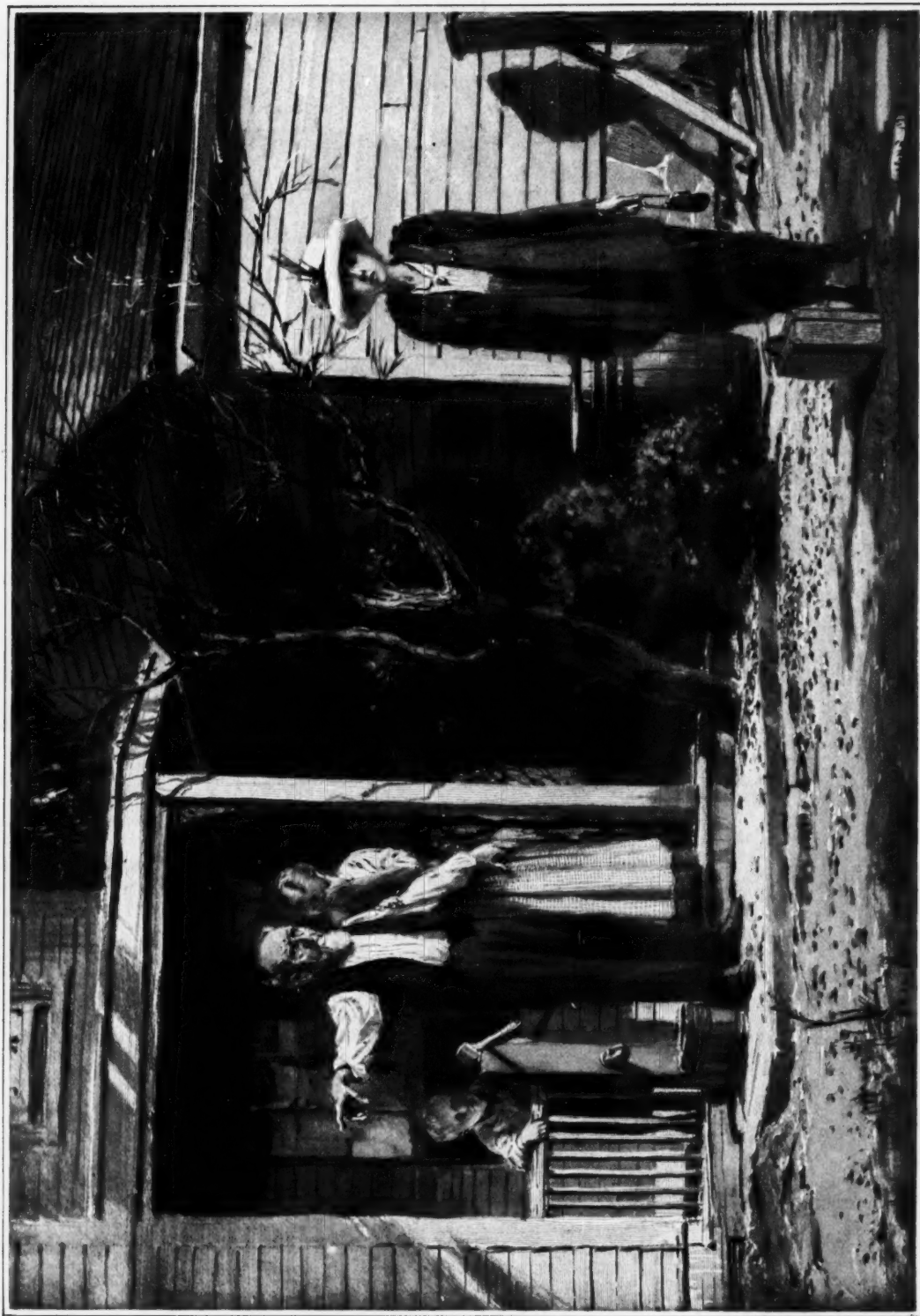
**Punch and Judy.**—"The Marriage of Columbine." See above.

**Shubert.**—"The Hawk." French society drama of intrigue very well played by good company headed by Wm. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"The High Cost of Loving." Mr. Lew Fields and cast of eccentric comedians in a farcical comedy, not very refined, but laughable.

**Wallack's.**—"Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion". Not impressive performance of a play not quite as interesting as others by the same author.

**Winter Garden.**—"Dancing Around." with Al Jolson as the star. The girl-and-music industry in very active operation and carrying joy galore to the intellect of the tired business man.



RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER





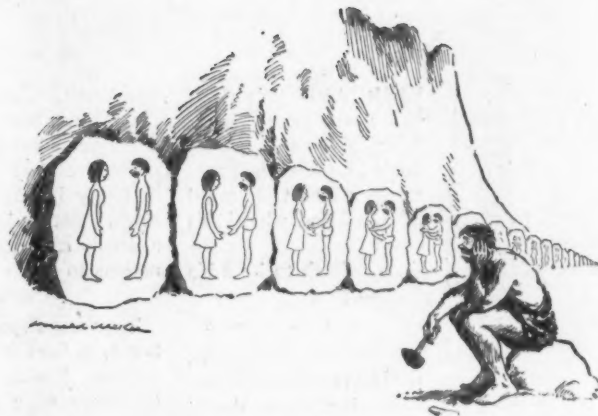
Thomas Catt: FEAR NOT, MADAM; I WILL PROTECT YOU

### Reward!

IF gold is one of the most valuable and important products, why is no attempt made to sell it to other countries? Everybody is urged to buy a bale of cotton, in order to help out the cotton holders. Why is not everybody urged to buy a twenty-dollar-gold-piece, in order to help the holders of gold?

Cotton is produced by labor. So is gold. Nobody eats cotton. Nobody eats gold. Yet we want to get rid of our cotton and keep our gold.

Suitable reward offered to any financial expert who will, in one hundred words or less, answer this question to the satisfaction of all concerned.



Prehistoric Artist: THE NEXT TIME I TAKE AN ORDER FOR A MOVING-PICTURE FILM I'LL KNOW IT!

### Announcement

*Kaiser William Presents Mars, God of War.*

THIS is positively the farewell appearance of this well-known tragedian, who for many ages has thrilled huge audiences the world over.

Remember Mars is under the exclusive control of Kaiser William.

Continuous performance every day. Real cathedrals sacked and burned before your eyes. No women or children spared.

This is your last chance to see the great drama. No pains spared by management to make it the most blood-curdling spectacle of modern times. Magnificent scenery. Rivers of blood. Holocausts. The great opening act in which innocent countries are ruined is alone worth price of admission.

*Kaiser William.*

*Mars.*



AT THE OPERA



SHAKESPEARE



COMPOSITE AUDIENCES

MUSICAL COMEDY

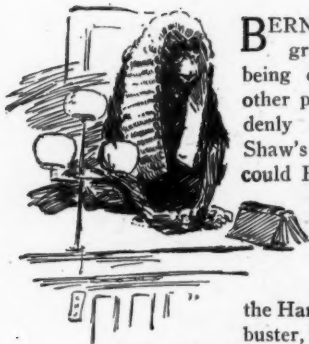


SEX DRAMA



"MOVIES"

## Thoughts



**B**ERNARD SHAW'S great talent is in being different. If the other people should suddenly adopt Bernard Shaw's ideas, what ideas could Bernard Shaw put forth to hold his job?

\*\*\*\*\*

Hugo Francke, the Harvard football line-buster, is a son, no doubt, of Professor Kuno Francke, the German apologist. The one star of the Princeton team is Ballin, and Ballin is a German name, as is certified by Herr Ballin of the German steamship line, who holds so high a place in the Galaxy of Men About the Kaiser. And one recalls the great Heffelfinger! There seems to be the making of football talent in Germany. What glories that country might have reaped if she had only spent on football the energy she has devoted to war!

\*\*\*\*\*

A newspaper advertisement lately announced that Bouck White, the lately incarcerated pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution, was to be welcomed back to his interrupted pastorate by Congressman Meyer London, at a Carnegie Hall meeting, all seats reserved. A good deal has happened to upset the world since Bouck was shut up. Will he find things sufficiently disturbed, or will he get to work to muss them up some more?

\*\*\*\*\*

One effect of the war is to make Americans read *Punch* who have not read it for years. Lately *Punch* was just about English politics and English social life. One said to himself at sight of it, "More of the same," and it often went unscanned. Now it is still about English politics and English social life, but both have been merged into war, and when *Punch* comes one reaches for it and looks it all through. All its jokes are war-jokes; all its pictures are war-pictures; all its verses are war-verses, and somehow they all seem better than things in *Punch* have been since the days of

Bunthorne. Perhaps it is sympathy. More likely it's a consequence of the American mind being just now continuously resident in Europe and continuously interested in European concerns. But perhaps it is that it takes a deadly combat of ten of the leading nations to warm *Punch* up.

\*\*\*\*\*

The *New Republic*, Volume I, Number 1, defines itself as A Journal of Opinion Which Seeks to Meet the Challenge of a New Time. Hail to this new brother, and behold the New Time waiting at the bat to see what is coming over the plate!

The new contemporary is good to look at; seemly, handsome, proper print, and paper with an acceptable surface, though possibly a bit too thick. It is a modest paper that says it is an experiment in bringing enlightenment to the problems of the nation. It is not sure that there are paying readers enough who want to be enlightened, and it is not cock-sure that the kind of enlightenment it will be able to furnish will be acceptable.

It makes a good try in its first number. There are good pieces in it which should rejoice readers who have a sincere desire to be instructed; also some real lively pieces that should please any one who can read. It is desirable to have pieces of this latter quality in all periodicals. The Bible, our most popular and respected literary product, is full of such pieces, and even contrives

to yoke them into the service of instruction.

There are twenty-seven pages of solid reading in this first issue of our new brother. That implies due provision of pieces to skip, which is necessary to every successful publication. A weekly paper that can offer to each of its readers one or two pieces a week that he will yearn to read ought to succeed. If he skips fifteen pieces, that is no matter if only he *must* read even one.

Our new brother makes his bow at a fortunate time. During the last three months we American readers have read eagerly books and discourses that previous to August 1st we would have yawned over or skipped. The need of a lot of new knowledge about the concerns of this world has grabbed us like a strong man in the night. We *must* know more, understand better, be better qualified to judge, both about our domestic concerns and about the affairs of mankind all the way from China to Peru. We must learn not only where we are going, but where the other peoples are trying to go, and where their paths will merge with ours, and where we may meet them head on. The world which lately seemed a pasture-lot has suddenly come to be a football gridiron. We have got to learn a new game; learn it by the thousand, and competent instructors in it will be in request.

E. S. Martin.



"WHAT IN THUNDER'S WRONG NOW?"

### Little Hope

IT is going to take a long time, they tell us, for the Rockefeller Foundation to discover just precisely what is the cause of "industrial unrest". Every effort was made to put the investigation in charge of the most competent man obtainable, and W. L. Mackenzie King, C.M.G., of Toronto, was finally selected.

Mr. King has spent his life studying this subject, was Deputy Minister of Labor, and then Minister of Labor under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is a graduate of the University of Toronto, took post-graduate work at Chicago University and at Harvard, received the degree of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, edited the *Dominion Labor Gazette*, was Registrar of Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration and author of numerous reports on labor troubles.

Indeed, he knows so much about the subject that one might expect him to be able to give Mr. Rockefeller some valuable information right offhand without resorting to further protracted research. In other words, if he hasn't got to the bottom of the matter with all that training and experience, there is really little to be expected from additional cogitations.

### Keeping Calm

"WHAT did the oil men do when they were dissolved?"  
"Oh, just poured a few dividends on the troubled waters."



THE WAY YOUR LIP FEELS  
JUST AFTER YOU SHAVE OFF YOUR MOUSTACHE



"TELL YER MAW I'M THE INSTALLMENT COLLECTOR, AND IF SHE DON'T PAY UP I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE PIANO"

"I WISH YE WOULD TAKE THE DARN THING. SHE'S THREAT'NIN' TO GIMME MUSIC LESSONS"

### An Exception

THE many sincere, honest and upright citizens of the United States have been noticing that the Postal Savings Bank has been in no way embarrassed by the war. It has been troubled neither by emergency, runs, panic nor moratorium. It has done nothing that financial experts had to explain in order to make us misunderstand it properly. Whether this is because it had no foreign entanglements or because it is conducted for banking purposes rather than for speculative interests or whether because of something else, it is perhaps too soon to say, but such an example of fiscal serenity amid so much fiscal alarm ought to contain some kind of valuable lesson for us.

"JUST as we begin to feel settled we may have to move again," said Alsace to Lorraine.





### Retired

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a Baltimore police magistrate was a darkey with no visible means of support.

"What occupation have you here in Baltimore?" asked His Honor.

"Well, jedge," said the darkey, "I ain't doin' much at present—jest circulate 'round, suh."

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said:

"Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days."—*Green Bag*.

### Just As Good

WILD-EYED CUSTOMER: I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid.

CLERK: This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers and razors.—*Yale Record*.

### Romance

FORTUNE TELLER: Beware of a dark man, whom you will soon meet. He will be a villain.

GIRL: How perfectly delightful! How soon will I meet him?

—*New York Globe*.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

LOCKING UP THE FORM WITH A JOB FACE

### Interesting Letter from the Battle Front

The army has suffered an awful rout in the terrible battle of (name left out). But the enemy's hordes have been defeated.

On the banks of the River (name deleted).

The Austrians, under General Dankl, attacked the Russians at (name left blank);

On the road near (cut) they fled in fear,

But they turned and fought at (blue penciled here).

In Asia, I hear, three thousand Japs have taken—(consult the maps).

Our men have had but little rest since the fighting began at (name suppressed);

But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—

When (word gone) we (missing paragraph).

We laughed and laughed, it was lots of fun,

In spite of the awful (sentence gone).

If the censor destroys this letter, well, I wish the censor would go (the rest of the page was torn off by the censor).

F. W., in *Seattle Sun*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York**"My Heart Bleeds for Louvain"**

**L**A bête sauvage et ses crimes ont heureusement inspiré, presque au même moment, deux des plus célèbres dessinateurs satiriques de France et des Etats-Unis, et, chose singulière, ils se sont rencontrés d'une façon presque identique.

Jean Veber, chez nous, sous ce titre: le Débouché, ou "la Chasse est ouverte", avait représenté Guillaume II en sanglier furieux, sortant d'une forêt et piétinant dans une mare de sang.

William Walker, dans un remarquable dessin du LIFE, sous les traits également d'un féroce sanglier—tant l'analogie des traits avait frappé les deux dessinateurs,—qui foule sous ses pattes les ruines de Louvain, avec cette légende: "Mon cœur saigne pour Louvain."

L'expression de ce monstre coiffé du casque à pointe est saisissante, et le numéro du LIFE a eu à New-York un succès immense qui prouve la sympathie des Américains pour notre cause.

LE MASQUE DE FER.

—Le Figaro.

"I'm so glad you've taken Greek."

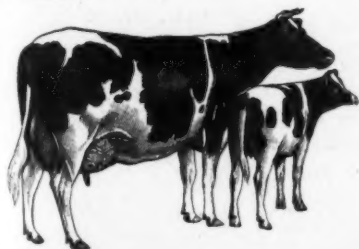
"I haven't taken it; I've only been exposed to it."—Yale Record.

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Look at the Gillette displays in the stores. See the "Bulldog," the new stocky-handled Gillette—the Razor designed for the Chief of the Company. Dozens of other sets in Metal and Leather cases, with Silver and Gold Razors—a variety to please every taste and a range of prices to suit your purse.

You can choose a Gillette at anywhere from \$5 to \$50—and for a small gift at 50c. or \$1 there is nothing that appeals so much to the Gillette user as a packet of the double-edged Gillette Blades.

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**Wicked Assault on a Good Old Saw**

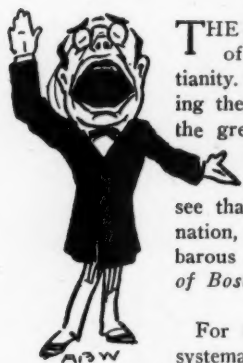
**A** GOOD old saw is an asset of the civilization that produces it, and should not have its teeth wantonly knocked out.

"Knowledge Is Power" is a good old saw. Principal William McAndrew, of the Washington Irving High School in New York, undertook the other day to knock the teeth out of it in a speech before the Norfolk County Teachers' Association in Boston. "This idea that 'knowledge is power' is exploded," said Mr. McAndrew. "Knowledge isn't power. Power is the ability to use knowledge."

Go to, Principal McAndrew! You are just fooling with words. "Knowledge is power" the same as heretofore. The ability to use knowledge is knowledge. There is the knowledge that one uses, and the knowledge how to use it. These two knowledges both belong in the same capsule. To know how is power. Shoo, Mr. McAndrew!

## "They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



THE crisis is nothing else than the bankruptcy of the ordinary, habitual, conventional Christianity. We have suspected that it was not meeting the claims upon it. Now, in the flames of the great war, we know this. We have been talking about "Christendom" and "Christian nations" and "civilization". We see that there is no such thing as a Christian nation, and that we are living in a rather barbarous world.—*Rev. Dr. Charles Fletcher Dole, of Boston.*

For thirty years the German mind has been systematically and most scientifically turned toward the British Empire as the objective of German ambition.—*Poultney Bigelow.*

When we suffragists began, the antis had the earth and we had heaven. Now we have heaven, and, in addition, Australia and several other countries and eleven States in our own Union.—*Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.*

SIR: I petition you to invite the neutral powers to confer with the United States of America for the purpose of requesting Great Britain, France and Germany to withdraw from the soil of Belgium and fight out their quarrel on their own territories.—*George Bernard Shaw, in a letter to President Wilson.*

I have always been sorry I did not have a front name which admitted of shortening.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

What Germany would do if she gained control of the sea nobody can say, but it is certain that if she wished to take Panama and South America, too, we couldn't keep her from doing it.—*Professor Roland G. Usher, author of "Pan-Germanism".*

Business in the next three months will be better than in the last.—*E. H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation.*

Is it not time that we all acknowledge openly what every American knows in his heart; namely, that France and England are fighting our battles?—*John Jay Chapman.*

I myself have seen the plans of two of the countries now engaged in the European war to invade the United States, capture our greater cities and hold them for ransom, considering that our standing army was too small to be dangerous.—*Col. Theodore Roosevelt, in a speech at Princeton.*

The battle-pictures of Verestchagin show the horrors of war, and Tolstoi taught against war. Look at what Russia has done in the nineteenth century. She is the leading nation in music, in opera and the drama. Germans are studying the drama in Russia to-day. Russian science occupies the highest place in the world. The statement that if Russia wins the world will go to the dogs is based on a philosophical deduction.—*Professor Leo Wiener.*

War as now waged by the Kaiser against Belgium and France is but a high-sounding name for the collective murder and pillage and arson of a vast organized band of outlaws, and for my part, I believe it is the last spectacle of the kind and on such a scale that the world will ever see.—*John Burroughs.*

Germany must be defeated in this war. If it comes to a point where it is necessary for the United States to aid the Allies to the end that they should win, then I hope it will be done. She is opposed to everything for which we stand, and our turn would be next if Germany were successful.—*Professor George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University.*

Sleep is an absurdity, a bad habit. We can't suddenly throw off the thralldom of the habit, but we shall throw it off.—*Thomas Edison.*

Remember that behind ruin awaits us.—*Kaiser William to his soldiers.*

Not guilty.—*Mr. William Rockefeller.*

The English public entirely underestimated the strength of the Germans. It took them some time to realize what this war means to them. They have only come now to realize that Lord Kitchener was right in his estimate that the war would last three or more years.—*Mr. Jesse Lewisohn.*

There is a premium on shrewd, ingenious, shifty attorneys.—*Senator Elihu Root of New York.*

The transference of territory will be nothing compared with the change in ideas, a change already noticeable. Perhaps this war will recreate the mind of the world.—*Guglielmo Ferrero.*

I believe that the maximum of patriotism in the United States is to be found in the States of the Middle West, and the minimum in the City of Washington.—*Rear-Admiral Charles Herbert Stockton, President of George Washington University.*





The Optimist (who has fallen downstairs): GEE, BUT I'M GLAD I LANDED!

### The Quality of Humor

**H**UMOR—if there be any left in the world—and its presumed representatives have recently been catching it from the critics. Mr. Stephen Leacock, writing recently in an English review, intimates quite strongly that there are no more American humorists. The *Evening Post* takes *Punch* to task for the unrelieved savagery of its war cartoons and laments *Punch's* decline. A Providence paper, similarly deprecating *LIFE's* lack of "fun", wants to know why it is that among one hun-



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dred millions of people there are not better jokes forthcoming.

The truth is that there never has been, nor never will be, a fixed standard of humor, and the trouble lies with the critics who expect such a thing. A professional humorist is an unreal figure. Humor is incidental, or accidental. Dickens was a great humorist, but with him humor was a by-product.

Oliver Wendell Holmes uttered a fine satire on this whole mistaken idea of humor on the part of the critics in

his verses, the "Height of the Ridiculous", about the man who, in wondrous humorous mood, wrote some lines so humorous that it resulted in a supreme disaster. He ends with the wise reflection:

"And since, I never dared to write  
As funny as I can."

The attempt to maintain a reputation as a humorist is only a species of deception. At its best, it serves only as a means to interest people in other things of more enduring quality.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Moral of the Story

The kindergarten teacher recited to her pupils the story of the wolf and the lamb. As she completed it she said:

"Now, children, you see that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf if he had been good and sensible."

One little boy raised his hand.

"Well, John," asked the teacher, "what is it?"

"If the lamb had been good and sensible," said the little boy, gravely, "we should have had him to eat, wouldn't we?"—*New York Times*.

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### No, Indeed!

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Wood B. Highbrow, "that those Russian Cassocks do not seem to be any match for the German Oolongs."

—*Kansas City Star*.



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*Stephane Brey*

### Of First Importance

The teacher was examining the class in physiology. "Mary, you tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."—*Buffalo Express*.

### GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER 50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

THE pen may be mightier than the sword, but in Europe just now it isn't mightier than the censored.

—*Times of Cuba*.

### Difficult to Spell

A country politician in New Jersey was elected school commissioner. One day he visited a school and told the teacher he desired to examine the boys and girls.

A spelling class was performing, so the commissioner said he would inquire into the proficiency of that organization. The teacher gave him a spelling-book, and the students lined up in front of the mighty educator.

He thumbed the book. Then, pointing at the first boy, he said:

"Spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," slowly spelled the boy.

"Wrong," said the commissioner, and pointing to the next boy:

"You spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," spelled the boy.

"Wrong. You spell it."

The next boy spelled it the same way, and the next and the next.

"Bad spellers, these," commented the commissioner to the distressed teacher.

"Why, Mr. Commissioner," she protested, "they have all spelled eggpit correctly."

"They have not."

"Will you let me see the word in the book?" the teacher asked, tearfully. "I am sure they have."

"Here it is," said the commissioner, and he pointed to the word "Egypt".

—*Tit-Bits*.

DR. PILLEM: Are you going to call a consultation?

DR. BOLUS: I think not. I don't believe the patient has that much money.

—*New York Post*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



EGGS BY PARCEL POST  
CUTTING OUT THE MIDDLEMAN

### Still Alive and Kicking

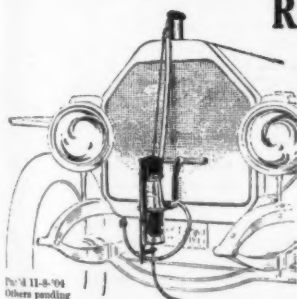
It appears that Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, "has produced in lower animals the germ of infant paralysis".

Rather severe on the lower animals! However, happier days may come.

Dr. Averill tells us in *The Open Door* that "all animal serums, vaccines, tuberculins, etc., are rank poisons, products of fluid and tissue decomposition, and are a curse to humanity".

Some fads are a long time dying.

*The Neverout*



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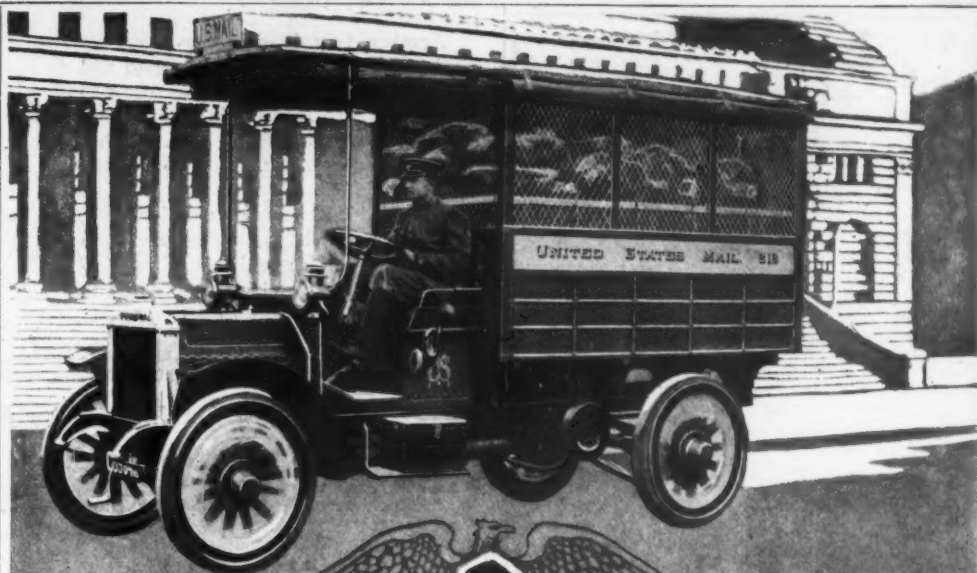
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### An Obfuscated Expert

MR. LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN, investment expert of Kountze Brothers, New York, the other day expressed himself as worried because "the country faced the prospect of having a flood of railroad securities held abroad poured on the market".

We don't see how a real financial expert could find any cause for worry at such a prospect as that. The ones to do the worrying are the ones who pour out their securities when the demand is weak. It isn't at all necessary for these foreign investors to get rid of their securities so promptly, and it isn't at all incumbent upon us even to buy them, much less to guarantee them a profitable price.



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### Women to the Rescue

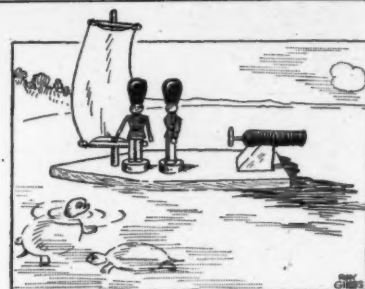
THE cotton movement goes merrily forward with all sails set and women manning many important positions, both above and below decks. Well-known lady novelists are issuing pronouncements. Suffragettes are abandoning the political arena and applying themselves militantly to economics. Club women are concentrating all their intellect upon cotton. Wives and daughters of Congressmen and Governors and Mayors and the like are being interviewed, and there is a general scramble for prominent mention in the newspapers. How could a problem fail to be solved under such expert auspices?

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is not the least of the ring-leaderesses of the movement. She wants every American woman to take to wearing cotton, and especially cotton dinner-gowns. She boldly asserts that she is going to wear a cotton creation even to the opera, and she doesn't care who knows it.

**HARTSHORN**  
SHADE  
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Original and unequalled.  
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"  
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signature on genuine:  
*Stewart Hartshorn*

Another lady is going to have her drawing-room done over in gold and then get a pale yellow cotton gown to match. A society lady is going to give a large function and prescribe that her guests wear cotton. And so it goes. The task, when we consider it in its nation-wideness, is a stupendous one, but with such unflagging zeal and reckless sacrifice behind it, King Cotton is almost certain to be restored to his late throne.

Ellis O. Jones.



"HEAVENS, AL, HERE COME THE  
SUBMARINES!"

"The Most Interesting Magazine in the World"

## HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1915

¶ HARPER'S MAGAZINE is showing to-day the largest number of subscribers in its history. The explanation of this is quite simple. HARPER'S MAGAZINE makes permanent friends among its readers because it is edited for them—simply and solely for the purpose of interesting them.

¶ HARPER'S MAGAZINE has personality—and good manners. It is not only the most interesting magazine in the world, but the most interestingly arranged and the most expensively made. It is the most beautiful, for no limit is ever placed on the cost. It is the sort of guest you are glad to welcome in your home.

¶ It is impossible to give any complete outline of next year's plans at this time, but here are a few notable features already arranged.

### A Remarkable Unpublished Romance by MARK TWAIN

A NEW romance by Mark Twain has just been brought to light—a remarkable story called "The Mysterious Stranger." It is unquestionably the most important and characteristic work of the great humorist's later life—a story of the supernatural, full of deep spiritual significance. It will appear serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the only magazine which has the privilege of publishing Mark Twain's work.

A Great Novel of American Life by BASIL KING "THE INNER SHRINE" FOLLOWING Booth Tarkington's great serial which is now appearing will come the most important novel that the author of "The Inner Shrine" has yet written. It is absolutely American in its atmosphere—a love story of rare humor and charm.

### LINCOLN AS JOHN HAY KNEW HIM

JOHN HAY kept a careful diary during the entire period when he was Abraham Lincoln's secretary and later through his career as a diplomat and statesman. In this diary, which has never before been given to the public, he gives a delightfully intimate, day-by-day picture of Lincoln in war-time. He also presents some astonishing facts in regard to certain leaders in the war in their relation to Lincoln. William Roscoe Thayer, the historian, has selected from his diary the most notable portions for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Other important contributions in the field of history will be a remarkable article by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart on "American Historical Liars" and some new Napoleon material of unusual importance.

### TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS

IN these days when travel in foreign lands is both difficult and dangerous, readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE may journey in comfort to almost every interesting corner of the world through the MAGAZINE's brilliantly written and elaborately illustrated travel articles. These articles are not the conventional descriptions of foreign travel—you can find plenty of those in the guide-books. HARPER'S travel articles have personality. They bring up before you vivid, unforgettable pictures of strange and beautiful places in far-distant lands as seen through the eyes of world-famous writers and explorers.

### THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

IN this field the position of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is unique. It is the one non-technical magazine for which the great savants of England, Europe, and America are willing to write. The new year promises some astonishing revelations.

### THE DIALOGUES OF A DIPLOMAT

NO feature published of recent years in HARPER'S MAGAZINE has attracted more attention than the two "diplomatic dialogues" by the Hon. David Jayne Hill, formerly U. S. Ambassador at Berlin. Mr. Hill is now at work on some more of these dialogues dealing with certain vital American problems.

### MASTERLY SHORT STORIES

IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE great importance has always been given to the short story, and the stories in HARPER'S deserve the importance given them. HARPER'S publishes more short stories—and better—than any other illustrated magazine in the English language. There are at least seven complete short stories in every number. They represent the best work of every leading writer of England and America—indeed, of the world.

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THE Old-fashioned Garden is cuddling down for a long, long sleep. Stalks that once proudly upheld their glowing burden of blossoms have grown brown and crackle in the wind. Leaves, turned yellow, rustle against the wall. Fragrance has flown away south with the birds.

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## Literary Proverbs

DE MORGAN the merrier.

Love laughs at Belloc smiths.

Shaws show which way the wind blows.

Love lies at the bottom of a Wells.

No chain is stronger than its weakest Maeterlinck.

THEY employ dogs in Belgium to save human lives. In Germany to be cut up in laboratories.

## Ale drinkers give thanks

For all the goodness contained in every bottle of

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and the aid it gives in promoting happiness and the comforts of life.

Grocers and Dealers  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



## Valor Suitably Rewarded

By James L. Ford.

NOT since the sacking of Louvain has scholarly Germany been so profoundly moved as it was on the occasion of the distribution, from the august hands of the Kaiser, of the medals and decorations with which He has been graciously pleased to commemorate the introduction of German culture into His new province of Belgium through the medium of Krupp guns, instead of by lectures and text-books.

The ceremonies were of compelling interest and significance. In the brilliant group that surrounded His Majesty were representatives of science, scholarship and the arts, as well as of both branches of the service of arms. The walls of the great rathskeller were hung with crutches and blood-stained bandages—fitting emblems of modern Pan-Germanism. Hanging over the Imperial Head was a huge flower-bedecked Dove of Peace, from which all the dynamite had been carefully withdrawn.

In a brief four-hour speech His Majesty expressed His complete satisfaction with the new method of inculcating knowledge, as compared with the old, and declared that the exploits of His jolly, good-natured troops made Fontenoy with its "Gentlemen of the Guards, fire first!" seem absurdly French.

"Our statcraft," He said, "has shown the world how to convert a solemn word of honor—that is to say, a German solemn word of honor—into a mere scrap of paper by an alchemy of which Germany alone amongst the nations of the earth retains the secret. Our splendid system of espionage locates the maternity hospital so that German science may drop the bomb of culture with the deadliest accuracy. My artillery arm of the military service deserves the thanks of the nation for destroying cathedrals dedicated to the blasphemous worship of other gods than Me. My cavalry has covered itself with glory. Its famous charge on the kindergarten at Liège will never be forgotten. Æons hence warm German hearts will thrill at the thought of that splendid charge, sabres drawn, the trot changing to a gallop, as the troopers hurled themselves upon the foe, and, unscares by the shower of slates, pencils and rulers, put all to the sword in the name of God and other tutelary deities and the Fatherland!"

In awarding the clasp and medal of the Iron Axe of the First Order of Merit to the soldier who had proved his marksmanship by hitting a baby in

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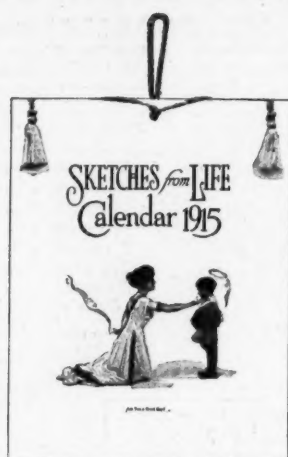
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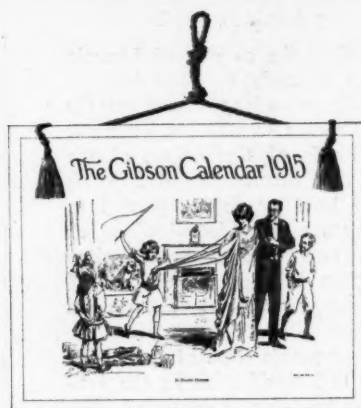
a cradle at the distance of seven hundred yards, His Majesty declared that such an exploit was of even greater value than the equally skilful feat of hitting a nurse in the very center of the Red Cross, which distinguished her from other human targets. The child might have lived to bear arms against the Fatherland.

The decoration of the Order of the Prussian Ghoul was bestowed on the officer who brought in the greatest number of arms, hands and ears clipped from the peasantry.

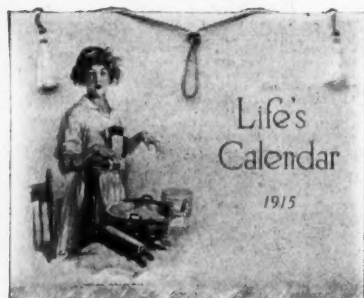
His Majesty was graciously pleased to express His approval of the extraordinary work accomplished by the new twenty-inch gun, affectionately known to His jolly, good-natured



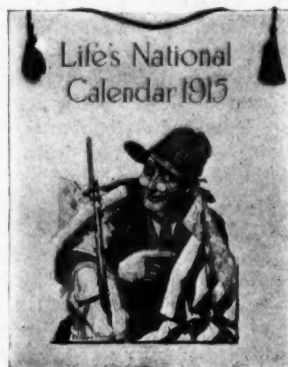
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troops as the "nun-killer", and capable of hurling two tons of culture and other combustibles a distance of three miles. He regretted that the refusal of the University of Louvain to accept German mysticism and transcendental thought, even when offered in convenient ten-inch capsules, had made necessary the assault on that institute of learning. He announced, furthermore, that He had been obliged to cashier the commanding officer of one of His Bavarian regiments for having been found on the battlefield with a conscience on his person.

The occasion was rendered doubly significant by the display of the new map of Europe, prepared under the special supervision of His Majesty and now shown for the first time. The prominent citizens examined it with much care, and at last accounts were still hunting for France, Holland and Belgium.

It was announced that a price of forty thousand marks had been set on the head of each one of the editors of New York evening papers for

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their daily destructions of German troops in overwhelming numbers, for anticipating the victories of the Russians and for persistent acts of *lèse-majesté* in their methods of replying to Herman Ridder.

His Majesty brought His speech to a close in these ringing words: "The war must go on. The universities and the cathedrals must be razed to the ground! My jolly, good-natured

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troops have orders to continue their work until Belgium has been rid of every woman, child, cripple and hostage. Show no quarter to—"

But at this moment the Dove of Peace was seen to tremble insecurely on its supporting wire, and the Kaiser, fearing that some English spy had replaced the dynamite in that messenger of good cheer, disappeared through the window, followed by the General Staff, and sought one of His accustomed isles of safety.

MANY a bride sweeps up the aisle of a church who would faint at the sight of a broom.

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### Books Received

*Doing Us Good and Plenty*, by Charles Edward Russell. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill. 50 cents.)

*Art*, by Clive Bell. (Chatto & Windus, London, England.)

*Essays on Books*, by William Lyon Phelps. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.)

*The Boys and Girls of Garden City*, by Dr. Jean Dawson. (Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass. 75 cents.)

*Uncle Noah's Christmas Party*, by Leona Dalrymple. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.00.)

*The Open Door*, by Richardson Wright. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.35.)

*Christianity and the Social Rage*, by Adolph A. Berle, A.M., D.D. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.50.)

*The Younger Generation*, by Ellen Key. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*The Real "Truth About Germany" from the English Point of View*, by Douglas Sladen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

*Justification*, by John H. White. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

*Poems Obiter*, by R. E. L. Smith. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

*The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Frank Preston Stearns. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

*Farmer Bibbins*, by Hypkin Brown. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

*The Midsummer of Italian Art*, by Frank Preston Stearns. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

*The Valley of a Thousand Hills*, by F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane Co. \$1.30.)



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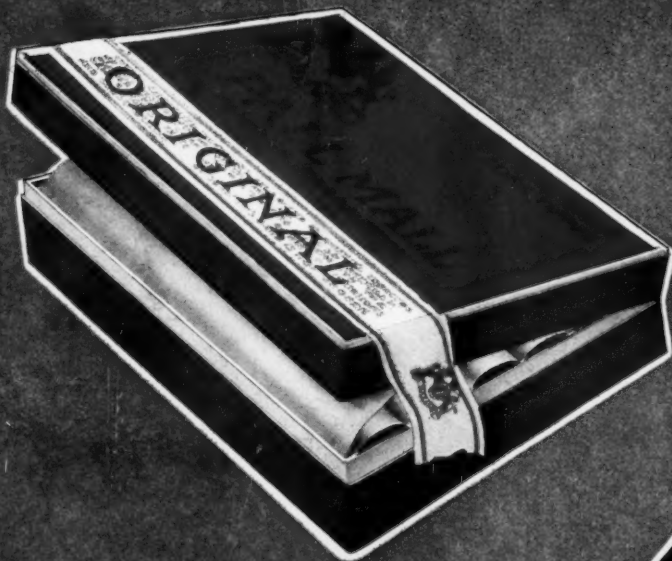
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